

How to Be A Dragon

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Summary: Hiccup and Astrid have a daughter, Silvera. One day, when she's walking with her dad, she makes a wish on a shooting star- which leads to the adventure, and romance, of a lifetime! Older story, pity me if it sucks, please... Rated K . Enjoy!

1. Chapter 1

How to Be a Dragon

Based on the book and movie 'How to Train Your Dragon'

Prologue

>
 Vikings and dragons are mortal enemies, each endlessly trying to destroy the other. For centuries, the war between Vikings and dragons wore on, seemingly without end. That is, until my father, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third, made peace between the Vikings and the dragons. He killed a dragon called the "Red Death" or something like that, and made a tense peace between Vikings and dragons, although some people are still killing off dragons.

Dad always told me stories from his childhood, about how he was best friends with a dragon, and how he saved the world and such. I was always in awe of him, and, from a young age, wanted to fly on a dragon's back.

One day, when I was five, I saw a star in the night sky, shining more brightly than any other star. Of course, I made a wish to fly with dragons.

Sometimes, I still regret making that wish. It took away the one I cared about the most, but it did allow me to have the adventure of a lifetimeâ€|

****Author's note: I DO NOT OWN HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON, OK? If I did, Hiccup would have never lost his leg. Got it? ... sorry it's short...**

but, prologues often are, right?*

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 1: Twelve years earlier

I was walking through the forest behind my house with my dad at night, looking for a stream to get some fish from. Dad seemed to be distracted, looking for something, or someone, that I didn't know about. Then again, I was just as distracted, looking at all the little things along the way, quickly falling behind.

>"Silvera Haddock! I told you not to fall behind!" my dad's stern voice shouted from ahead.
I turned to face my dad, my dark brown hair falling around my smiling face. From the look on my dad's face, he was angry. I always started to joke around when he was angry, despite getting in trouble almost every time I did it.

>"Silvera, I've told you not to get distracted how many times now?" he said, sounding tired.
"I don't know, daddy. Two times?" I said, holding up two fingers. Honestly, he'd told me so many times that I'd long lost count.

>He walked over to me, limping on his metal leg. He'd lost the real leg a long time ago, but I always forgot how.
"Daddy, how did you lose a leg? I have both of mine, and they aren't lost!" I joked, not willing to admit I forgot the story.

>Sighing, he sat down next to me on the soft earth, his hair blowing in the breeze.
"Vera, I know that I've told you this before." He said, scratching his head.

>"I know, but I like the story!" I protested before he could stop me. My dark green eyes were wide and pleading.
"Ok." He sighed. "I lost it in the battle for peace between dragons and Vikings. You know that story, right?"

>"Yeah. I still want to fly with the dragons, daddy. You know that, right?" I said, the night breeze blowing through my hair.
"Keep wishing, Silvera," he laughed, ruffling my hair, "and someday, your dream will come true."

>I smiled at him and looked up at the night sky, admiring the blanket of dark blue sky pricked with white stars.
"Which one's the wishing star, daddy?" I said wonderingly.

>He looked up into the sky, pointing to the brightest star.
"That one. Make a wish, Silvera." He said, smiling.

>I closed my eyes, and wished.
"I wish I could fly with the dragons." I whispered in a low voice, hoping my dad hadn't heard, even though he probably knew what I'd wished for.

>I opened my eyes, and looked at the star. It seemed to be glowing even brighter than before, if that was possible. I heard a voice, female, talking, even though I couldn't see who it was that was talking.
_Is that truly what you wish, child? For, to grant a wish of that magnitude, you shall have to give up something of great value in return.

>It sounded like I was hearing the voice in my head, not in my ears. I didn't understand how I could hear a voice in my head and not in my ears. I was confused, and I didn't understand what it meant when it said I had to 'give up something of great value in return'.

>Despite not understanding, I agreed to what it said. There was a flash of light. Dad and I had to close our eyes to keep ourselves from being blinded. When the light faded, I didn't feel anything different. I opened my eyes, looking at dad.
"Did it work?" I asked eagerly.

>Dad shook his head, disappointed.
Suddenly, I felt my body starting to change. My body grew longer, and I fell onto my hands. My bones felt like they were growing, and something burst out of my back and the base of my spine. My hair disappeared, and my hands and feet changed into feet with long, black claws. My entire body became black.

>"Daddy?" I whimpered, scared. I turned to face my dad.
"Silvera! you're a dragon!" dad gasped, a look of amazement on his face.

>I turned around, inspecting myself. He'd told me the truth. Being five years old, though, I was still smaller than him, even as a dragon. I had four claws on each foot instead of hands, fingers, and toes, a whip-like tail with two fins on it, and wings, as black as my body. I tried to smile, but teeth popped out of my gum line.
I looked at my dad, scared and curious, at the same time.

>"I think that your wish has been granted, Silvera! in a way. You're a Night Fury." He said, smiling. He ran his hand over my back, making me purr. I curled up next to him.
Seeing him smile calmed me down a bit, and I let him pet me for a while, continuing to purr happily. Suddenly, there was a flash of light from the sky. I closed my eyes against the light. I felt dad's hand leave my back, and heard him shouting.

>"No! Let me go! My daughter needs me!" he sounded scared, panicked.
The light was so bright that I couldn't open my eyes to see what was happening. Then, I heard that voice again, the one from before, when I'd made the wish.

>The child agreed to give something in return for the wish. Something has to be given, and you are what she cares most about. You are what has to be given in exchange for the gift. It cannot be taken back. Child, keep your gift secret, for if anyone finds out, there will be bloodshed.
_The light faded, and I could open my eyes again. I looked around and noticed my dad was gone, leaving me alone in the forest.

>"Daddy?" I whispered.
No answer. I tensed up, my claws sinking into the soft earth.

>"Daddy?!" I screamed.
Still no answer. Only the night sounds of the forest, owls and nocturnal animals.

>He's gone! he's gone and it's my fault!
_Crying, I ran through the forest until I tumbled out from the tree line. I could see my house, up ahead. I ran to the door, stumbling around, calling for my mom.

>"Mommy!"
The door burst open, and my mom ran out, her blond hair in a mess. She looked shocked to see me, let alone as a dragon.

>"What is a dragon doing here?" she said to herself.
_She doesn't recognize me! Her own daughter!

>"Mommy, it's me, Silvera!" I cried, tears streaming down my black face.

>I felt my body start to shrink, the claws turn into fingers, hands, and toes, the tail and wings disappear into my body, my hair grow back. I was human again. Mom, looking shocked beyond all reason, ran over, grabbing me in her strong, gentle arms, cradling me.
"Silvera?! What in Thor's name happened to you?" she said, smoothing my hair, trying to calm me.

>"I made a wish on a star to fly with dragons, and now daddy's gone! Some sort of voice took him away!" I cried, sobbing into her shoulder as the first touch of dawn light came over the horizon.
"Calm down, my child, and tell me everything." Mom said calmly, carrying me into the house.

****A/N: Again, don't own thisâ€¦| anyone out there like it?****

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 2: Present Day

"Silvera Haddock, will you get out of bed?"

Groaning, I curled into a tight ball, wrapping my tail around my body.

I heard a sigh.

"Silvera, did you go out last night? You know you're not supposed to be in
>your dragon form unless no one else is around!" she sighed.<p>

I opened an eye and saw my mother glaring at me, standing next to me with a
>look of annoyance on her face. Mom's blond hair was matted to her face from
sweat. I snuck a glance at the half-leg of deer meat under my front leg. I
>couldn't talk while in dragon form- at least, not in English- so I couldn't
tell her how annoyed I was at being woken up when I'd been so comfortable.

Sighing, I shifted into my human form. My wings and tail shrank into my body,
>my claws became fingers, hands and toes, my skin went from black to a tan
brown, my hair falling around my face as it grew back out.

I stretched my arms, yawning.

"Mom, why'd you wake me?" I growled, a bit of dragon left-over in me,
>even in human form.<p>

"Because, I didn't forget what today was." she said curtly.

What does sheâ€¦|? Oh, man!

"Today is that day?!" I said, hastily smoothing my clothes.

Smiling her "All-knowing" mother smile, she nodded. My mother,

>Astrid, the ex-dragon slayer. Let me say this: when she gave up dragon slaying,
she took up the practices of nagging and annoyance. Being the daughter of
>Hiccup the "Dragon-whisperer" and Astrid the ex-dragon slayer, great
things have been expected of me ever since I was born. I have big expectations
>to live up to, and I'm only seventeen!<p>

"Silver," mom said, calling me by her nickname for me, "you know

>that it's the day of the play. Why did you go out last night?"<p>

"Hungry." I said, as if it explained everything.

"Well, since your father isn't here, you have to do his part." Mom
>sighed.<p>

Everyone always said I look like my father when he was my age. My
thick, dark
>brown hair, though slightly longer than my dad's hairstyle, was
still cut short
in a boy's style. I wore boy's clothes instead of
girl's clothes, I was skinny
>and clumsy, and I always seemed to wreck everything I touched.
Except when I
was in dragon form.

When I was in dragon form, I was graceful, agile, flexible, and
fierce. I'd
>gotten into a few fights in the forest behind our house with some
bears and
such, and I always won. I guess it's in dragon nature to
be fierce, though I've
>never seen a dragon, other than myself when I was one, so I'm a
littleâ€|
uneducated on dragon behavior.

"But I don't want to be in the play! I wanted to go out today, Mom."

>I protested, making my eyes wide with pleading.<p>

Mom started to laugh, wiping sweat off her forehead.

"That might have worked on your father when you were younger, but it
won't
>work on me. Now, get ready. We have to be at the coliseum in a
few
minutes." She said as she left the room. My room was the
biggest one in
>the house, because I tended to change between human and dragon forms
often, and
as my human form grew, so did my dragon form. The
floor, walls, and ceiling
>were covered with rugs, making it unbearably hot for humans, but
perfect for me
in dragon form.

Sighing, I shoved the leg of meat under my bed and changed into my
outfit for
>the play. I pulled off the nightclothes I had on, and changed into a
slightly
faded, green tunic, dark brown pants, a fur vest, a brown
belt, and fur boots.
>It wasn't actually a costume. My dad had thought he was going to
have a son,
not a daughter, so he'd kept all his clothes from
childhood to give to his kid.
>From the start, I'd liked dressing in the loose-fitting clothes of
boys,
instead of the tighter, lung-squeezing clothes of girls. I
especially loved
>wearing dad's old clothes because it made me feel closer to him,
seeing as how
it was my fault he'd been "taken away" in the first
place.

If I'd never made that stupid wishâ€|

"Silvera!" mom shouted, warningly.

"Coming, mom!" I said, pulling the laces on the boots tight. I ran

>out of my room and into the kitchen. Mom was at the front door,
staring at me
with tears in her eyes.

"Mom? What's wrong?" The way she was looking at me made me feel

>weird. She shook her head, as if she caught herself off
guard.<p>

"Sorry, Silver. You just looked like the spitting image of your
father for
>a minute there." She sighed.<p>

I walked over, putting my hand on her shoulder.

"Well, dad would want us to get this play done. Let's go, mom!" I

>said, pulling her out the door.<p>

We were doing this play, about how my dad made peace between Vikings
and

>dragons, to help the people who doubted the stories become more«
educated.
There are still a surprising amount of people out there
that deny my father's

>story, saying the dragons are only acting friendly, or who think
dragons are
bloodthirsty killers. Some dragons do attack humans,
but only by accident, or
>in self-defense!<p>

My goal today was to show these people what had really happened. My
mother told

>me the story so many times, I'd memorized it. Thankfully, doing that
made it
easier for me to do this play.

We barely made it to the coliseum in time to start the play.

I ran behind the stage to get ready, but ran into someone.

"Hey, Vera! You made it!" a husky, Scottish voice said.

"Hey, Vran." I said, looking up at the person I'd bumped into. Vran

>was an old friend of mine from my childhood. He was really big for
his age,
about six foot seven, and his light blond hair was a bit
too long. He was pure

>muscle, plain and simple. The blond stubble on his chin tickled my
head as he
pulled me in close, hugging me.

"Vran, I've told you before! Don't hug me!" I protested, fighting

>back laughter from his stubble tickling me.<p>

He let me go, frowning.

"You look just like the pictures I've seen of your dad, Vera. It's

>weird«"<p>

"Vran," I sighed in annoyance, "I really have to get out on
>stage now, so could you«"<p>

"Oh, yeah!" he pushed me out onto the stage, handing me a dagger as
>he did, and I started my lines, pretending the audience wasn't
there. I walked
towards the "dragon" that was tied up on stage,
and cut the ropes
>binding it.<p>

Right on cue, Vera.

The play went by rather quickly, and when I finished, I ran behind
the stage,
>exhausted. People were waiting behind the stage for me.<p>

"Awesome job, Vera!" someone shouted.

"Yeah, I think you really got those critics out there, Vera!" Vran
>said, smiling.<p>

I smiled weakly and accepted the praise, though what I really wanted
to do was
>take a long walk in the forest to calm down a bit.<p>

"Guys, I'm going to go out for a bit, ok?"

Mom, being a normal mom, walked up to me looking worried. Sighing, I
pulled her
>off to the side.<p>

"Mom, I'll be ok." I said reassuringly. Looking around at the others,
>I lowered my voice. "Besides, you know I can handle myself because
of
my-"

She clamped a hand over my mouth, shaking her head.

"You know what I think about you mentioning your gift, Silvera." She
>said seriously.<p>

"Momâ€¦ you think I don't remember what that voice said? I know there
will
>be bloodshed if I mention my gift, and you know that as much of a
dragon as I
am, I hate bloodshed when I'm human."

"I know, but I keep fearing that one day you'll forget, or someone
will
>see you changing and blame meâ€¦" her voice trailed off.<p>

"Mom. I promise that as long as I live, no one is going to blame you
for
>this because I won't let them. Ok?" I said, locking her pale blue
eyes
with my dark green ones.

"Your eyes remind me of an old friend I once knew." She said
>wistfully.<p>

_She's never said that before. She's
>making me feel nervousâ€¦

"Who, mom? Who do my eyes remind you of?" I demanded. Mom had pale
>blue eyes, and dad had green eyes, but nowhere near as dark as
mine.<p>

Mom shook her head, smiling.

"I can't tell you, Silvera. I promised him I'd keep quiet. Why don't
you
>go out?" she said, pushing me towards the forest.<p>

"What's wrong, mom? You want to get rid of me that badly?" I joked.

>~~~~~<p>

****A/N: Anyone out there liking this so far?****

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 3: Old friends become New friends
>

I practically ran the entire way home from the coliseum, eager to get
into the forest. I loved spending time there, even though it held sad
memories of the night my dad was taken. When I hit the tree line, I
slowed down and started walking.

It took me a while, but I managed to push my way through the thick
trees and bushes and walked into a clearing by a stream. I usually
came here to think about things that bothered me, or to relax. There
was a tree sitting by the stream and I walked over, lying against the
trunk. I was starting to doze off when something nudged me.

"Hiccup? Is it really you?" a voice said. It wasn't too deep, or too
high in pitch, rather, it was somewhere in-between.

_Hiccup? That's my dad's name. Who would call me by my dad's
name?_

I opened my eyes slowly to see a large, black dragon with dark green
eyes staring at me. I jumped back in shock, quickly getting to my
feet, caught off guard. When I realized it wasn't going to hurt me, I
calmed down a bit.

"You gave me a heart attack, buddy." I said, panting and clutching my
chest.

The dragon rubbed his head against my body, knocking me over.

"Hey, Hiccup. What's wrong with you?" I quickly realized the voice
was coming from the dragon! It didn't surprise me, though.

_I mean, if I can change into a dragon, why would it be so weird that
I could understand them too?_

"I'm not Hiccup. I'm his daughter." I said politely.

The dragon's eyes widened in shock, and he sat down next to me, lying

on his stomach. Pushing myself to my feet, I noticed he had no teeth.

"Daughter? I didn't know Hiccup and Astrid had a daughter." I noticed his voice held no accent, like the adults in my village.

"Wait. How do you know my mother's name, let alone my father's name?" I said quietly, curious.

"Your father wanted to be a dragon slayer when he was younger, but when he found me, tied up in the forest, he spared my life. I owed him a debt, and helped him defeat the Red Death years ago. He's my best friend. Tell me, how is he?"

I shifted my weight, uncomfortable. This dragon must be the one my dad had told me about whenever mom wasn't around, the one he called Toothless. It had the same tapered spikes, the same eyes, claws, everything Dad had described to me when I was younger! It even had a fake tailfin attached to its tail!

If this is the dragon dad was friends with, how could I tell him that I'd been given a gift, in return for my dad's life?

"What's wrong? Is he ok?" the dragon asked, sounding concerned.

Tell him part of the truth, but not the whole thing.

"Well, heâ€¦ disappeared about twelve years ago." I said tentatively, being careful what I said.

"Disappeared? How could he disappear?" the dragon asked, looking at me.

I shook my head. I couldn't say how, or else that bloodshed would come into effect. The dragon looked like he knew I was hiding something, but didn't push me to tell it. Deciding to settle my curiosity, I asked the dragon the question eating away at my brain.

"I- is your name Toothless?" I stammered.

"Yes. Did your parents tell you about me?"

"Well, my dad did. My mom is a little moreâ€¦ secretive." I said with a small laugh.

Toothless started laughing too, a deep rumbling sound from within his chest.

I think I can trust him. Maybe I should show someone my secretâ€¦

"Toothless? There's something I kind of got to show you." I said, backing away from him.

"What are you doing?" he said, getting to his feet, immediately on the defensive.

"Trust me, ok? I won't hurt you, I promise."

"I only trusted one human enough to call friend, and that was your father." He protested, teeth sliding out of his gums.

So, his teeth are retractable like mineâ€¦|

"Well, I'm his daughter, Silvera, and I say you can trust me." I countered.

"Good point. Ok, I'll trust you. Show me." He said, lying back down in the grass.

_It's now or never. Besides, how much bloodshed would there be if a __**dragon**__ found out my secret?_

I felt the change as soon as I thought about it. My wings and tail slid out of my body like silk, my arms thickened and my hands, fingers and toes changed into soft, padded feet and hard claws. I fell on all fours and my skin darkened to black and became hard with scales. My ears became spiky, yet tapered. Tapered spikes grew from the side of my head. I looked at Toothless, who was gaping with shock.

"What happened to you?" he gasped, walking towards me. I stood stock still as he paced around me, looking me over.

"Don't worry, Toothless. I told you I had something to show you. This is it." I said calmly.

"But how did you-?"

"I- I wished on a star when I was small. I wanted to fly with dragons, and the wish gotâ€¦| turned around." I said, embarrassed. I felt my body shrinking, the claws turning into fingers, toes and hands, the tail and wings receding into my back, my arms and legs became skinny with slight muscles, the spikes, and my ears, shrank, and my hair grew back out. Last, I looked a little longingly at myself in the water as I saw a girl with black scales turning to tan skin.

"Wow. I never knew I looked like that when I was changingâ€¦|" I said wonderingly. Toothless was behind me in an instant. I backed away, nervous, but he stopped me, blocking my path.

"I won't hurt you." He said calmly.

"I don't care about that. Just promise me you won't tell anyone." I pleaded.

"No one can understand me, other than you. Who would I tell?"

"True. Soâ€¦| are we friends?"

"Hiccup was my best friend, and my tamer. Since he's gone, those responsibilities fall on you. So, yes. I'm your friend, protector, and pet."

I shook my head, smiling.

"Cut out the pet part, and you got a deal. I won't call you my

pet."

Ok. Not a pet, then." He laughed.

Something just occurred to me- I said Vera wasn't around dragons... but we all know dragons are a part of village life in Berk now...

Here's the thing- ever since her wish was made, Astrid- her mother- has kept her away from dragons in fear of her becoming a permanent dragon... as in, never again human. But, she needn't worry- the wish won't do that, I promise!

Again, is anyone liking this? Toothless is getting hungry for a good review... and he's kinda eye-balling me...

5. Chapter 5

Chapter 4: Training

>

I quickly went home after that, explaining to Toothless that my mom would be looking for me if I didn't get home soon. He was reluctant to let me leave, but after some persuasion, let me go if I promised to come back the next day. It wasn't until I got home and was almost asleep in my bed that I realized his eyes were the same shade of dark green that mine were!

He must be who mom was talking about when she mentioned my eyes! Oh, well. Maybe I'll tell her I found him later, when I'm not soâ€|

Yawning, I slipped into a dreamless sleep, curling up in my bed.

~~~~~

"Silvera? Are you in there?"

Groaning, I pulled myself out of bed and realized I was still wearing my dad's clothes.

\_Did I sleep in these? Weirâ€|\_

"Silvera!" mom shouted. She always woke up early. She tended to wake me up early to, which annoyed me a lot. She wandered into my room to find me sitting in bed with a confused look on my face.

"Silver? What's wrong?" she asked, a small note of panic in her voice.

"Nothing, mom. I'm ok." I said, forcing a smile on my face.

"Ok, if you say soâ€| oh! I just remembered! Vran's father wanted to see you today. He said it was important." She said, curious. I had no clue why Vran's dad, Vron, would want to see me, but decided it was a better idea to see what he wanted.

\_If I'm fast enough, I can still go out and see

Toothless!\_

Motivated with that thought, I ran out of my room, out the front door, and down the road to Vran's hut. I got there quickly enough, and found Vron waiting for me outside, a large hammer in hand.

"I heard you wanted to see me, Vron?"

"Yes. Because of your parents, I think it's time you learned to slay dragons." He said, sounding anxious.

"Why would I want to slay dragons?" I said, shaking my head. "It's wrong! They're smart creatures, just like us!"

"How do you know?" he said, his head tilted in curiosity.

\_Uh, oh.\_

"Uh, I just know, ok? I'm not slaying any dragons, Vron, and that's final. I'm also telling my mother what you're planning."

"Oh? And what is it I'm planning?" he said slyly.

"From what you're telling me, you want to start the wars with the dragons again!" I said, seething anger. I felt my teeth start to sharpen, my body grow heavy.

\_No! I have to resist turning into a dragon, especially in front of Vron.\_

I managed to take a few breaths and calm down before I went all-dragon on him. If I had, I know he would have been ripped to shreds by myâ€¦ well, not my hand. Rather, my claw.

"Now, if you'll excuse me," I said, barely managing to stay calm, "I have other plans today. Plans that don't include you, Vron." I said as I turned towards the forest.

As soon as I was out of his sight, I ran full speed into the forest, blindly following the path into the clearing. When I got there, I saw Toothless sitting near the stream, eating a fish. As I got closer, he turned around, gulping down the rest of the fish.

"Hey, you actually came!" he exclaimed happily.

"I promised I would, so why wouldn't I? Why did you want me to come today? Surely not to just talk."

Toothless walked over to me, standing right by my side. It was a littleâ€¦ uncomfortable having a dragon standing so close to me, but I tried not to show my discomfort.

"I wanted to show you how to be a dragon. If you're going to keep coming out here and someone catches you in dragon form, you can't act like a human. You have to learn to act like a dragon, and who better to learn from than the dragon you turn into? The instincts are there, you just have toâ€¦ tap into them." he explained.

\_He's got a point. If someone catches me in dragon form, I can't show any signs of being human, or I'll be caught. Also, in my dragon body,

the instincts are there, I just have to pay attention to them, like he said. But for the restâ€¦ I need help.\_

"So, you're helping me?" I asked hopefully.

"Yes."

\_Ok. So I'm getting a lesson in 'dragon mannerisms', I guess.\_

I changed into my dragon body, scales appearing almost instantly. My body lengthened, grew heavier, the arms thicker, my tail and wings slid out like silk, my hands, fingers and toes changed into soft, padded feet and hard claws. I fell on all fours and my skin darkened to black and hardened as the scales finished growing in. My ears became spiky, but tapered. Tapered spikes grew from the side of my head. Toothless was gaping at me again.

"I don't think I'll ever get used to that." He said, laughing a little.

"So, what shall I learn first?" I said eagerly.

**\*\*DOUBLE UPDATE! Enjoy! ;D\*\***

Toothless and I spent the rest of the day learning from each other. While he taught me dragon behavior and trained me, I told him stories about my childhood.

"When I first got thisâ€¦ gift," I said, explaining my first day as a dragon, "what happened was I slipped out of the house and got into the neighbor's garden. I was about five years old at the time and small for my age, so they thought I was just a big lizard!"

"A lizard? They thought you were a lizard?" Toothless said.

"Yeah! They called the chief to get rid of me, but thankfully, my mom got there first. She said she'd make sure I didn't get into anyone's garden again."

"Ok, now breath deep," he said, pushing my chest in a bit with his nose, directing me on breathing fire, "and think heat. So, what happened after that?"

I let loose a large ball of fire, hitting one of the logs in the clearing. It exploded on contact.

"Mom pretty much kept me locked in the house whenever I was in dragon form after that. I sneak out sometimes at night, though, just to get a snack. So, how was that one?" I said, asking about the fireball I'd just produced.

"Very good, Vera! I think I'll make a dragon out of you yet!"

I was happy that I was making progress so fast, and so was Toothless. Suddenly, I heard something in the bushes off to the side.

"What was that?" I whispered. Toothless had heard it too, and stood in front of me slightly.

"Veraâ€¦"

Understanding what he didn't say, I started changing to human, starting with my size. I was almost finished when someone burst out of the bushes, just as my tail and wings slid into my back.

\_Close call on my gift.\_

"Vera? What are you doing- is that a dragon?!"

I slid around Toothless and got a good look at who had come out of the bushes. It was Vron.

"Vron. I told you to leave me alone." I said angrily. He still had the hammer in his hand, and now he was walking closer, smiling.

"Very good, Vera. I knew you anted to be a dragon slayer! I mean, it's in your blood."

Toothless was starting to growl, and I put a hand on his neck, holding him back.

"I'm no dragon slayer. You know that, Vron. This one is my friend."

Vron stopped suddenly, like he'd walked into a tree. His face was etched with shock.

"Yourâ€¦ friend. Vera, vera, vera. How disappointing." He said, shaking his head. His grip on the hammer shifted slightly, tightening.

I tightened my grip on Toothless slightly, nervous.

"Don't worry. I'll get you out of here." He whispered.

I looked at him, confused.

"Trust me. Get on my back."

I relaxed my grip on his neck, watching Vron carefully.

"So, what are you going to do to me, Vron? Not many people are against dragons now, so you'd have a hard time finding anyone to sympathize with you."

Vron's face hardened with anger, and he ran towards me, wielding his hammer.

"You little-"

I jumped onto Toothless's back, clinging to his neck. He jumped into the air and beat his wings, taking off just as Vron got close enough to hit us with his hammer. He was pushed back by the force of Toothless taking off. I closed my eyes, terrified. I'd never flown before! I'd never learned how! After a while, Toothless started gliding.

"How do you like flying, Vera?"

I slowly opened my eyes and looked at the scenery around me. I was high in the sky, practically in the clouds, the ground far below me.

"This is wonderful, Toothless! I never knew flying felt so great."

"Your dad was the same. When he first tried to fly me, I threw him into the water because I didn't trust him."

"A-are you going to throw \_me\_ into the water?"

"No. I trust you because you're his daughter."

I had a hunch he was hiding something from me. The way he'd stood in front of me when Vron came out of the bushes made me think that our relationship had gone beyond friendship. He'd been quick to protect me, and from what he told me, he hadn't been so trustworthy when he first met my dad.

\_If he didn't trust my dad so quickly, why did he trust me so quickly?\_

"Toothless?"

"Yeah? What's wrong?"

"You're hiding something from me, aren't you? I can tell." I said calmly.

"What do you mean?" he said nervously. I felt his muscles tense up under my body.

"Toothless, I know you're hiding something from me. It's something you know, or something I should know. Either way, I need you to tell me."

He dove down to the ground and landed with a thud, close to the edge of my village. I climbed off his back and looked him in the eye.

"Toothless-"

"Before you say anything, I think you should tell me what \_you've\_ been hiding from \*\*me\*\*."

\_He knows?\_

"I don't know what you mean." I said, keeping a straight face.

"Don't lie to me! It's about Hiccup, isn't it? He isn't missing."

Sighing, I turned away from him. I had to tell him the truth, but I couldn't do it if I had to look at him.

"No, he isn't missing. He'sâ€¦ gone."

Toothless forced me to turn and face him. He was angry.

"Why is he gone, Vera?"

"Because those were the terms I agreed on." I sighed.

"Terms? What do you mean? You made a deal and gave up your father, my \_\*\*friend\*\*\_, for something?"

"Yes, I made a deal. When I was five, I made a wish on a star. I wished I could fly with dragons. There was a bright light, and a voice that said I had to give up something to have my wish granted."

Toothless was barely containing his anger now. His body shook with fury, and I backed away.

"What you gave up to become a dragon was your father?" he whispered.

I nodded.

"My best friend is goneâ€¦ all because of some selfish little girl who wanted to fly!" he yelled.

"Toothless, I was only five! I didn't know what I was doing!" I protested.

"I don't care. You abandoned my best friend." He turned around, preparing to take off again.

"Toothless, where are you going?"

"I'm leaving. Consider our friendship over."

He jumped into the air and took off, leaving me alone.

**\*\*A/N: Ok, in case you guys are wondering- in my universe here, Hiccup- at some point in time- managed to fix Toothless's tail so he could fly on his own... which explains why they didn't see each other for years after.\*\***

**\*\*You like?\*\***

## 6. Chapter 6

### Chapter 6: Trouble

I felt really guilty after Toothless yelled at me. He was right: I had abandoned my dad in order to become a dragon. When I looked around, I realized I was fairly close to home. I went to the hut and noticed mom wasn't there.

\_She must be out doing something.\_

I walked into my room, only to find Vron sitting on my bed.

"Nice room you have here, Vera. But isn't it a little warm for you?"



I shrugged, trying not to let him see I was sweating already.

"This room is far too warm for a Viking," he got off my bed and started walking towards me, "but perfect for a dragon, don't you agree?"

I was on edge. Did he think I had been keeping Toothless here? If he found proof, like the deer leg I had under my bed, he might think of a way to make me out as a dragon slayer. He might start the war again! I couldn't let that happen.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Vron. I happen to like warm rooms." I said calmly.

He came closer, backing me into a corner.

"I know your secret, little girl." He sneered.

"What secret? Why are you implying that I keep a dragon in my room?" I said, trying to act innocent.

"I know you are keeping a dragon in this room, and I know that dragon is you." he said, smiling. His smile sent chills down my spine.

"You think I'm a dragon?" I laughed, "Vron, you've known me all my life, ever since my dad disappeared. Have I ever shown any signs of being a dragon? Breathing fire, or flying, anything like that?"

"You can change between a dragon form and this human one willingly. I saw you go out into the forest, a few nights ago. I saw you change into a dragon, go into the forest, and come back with a young deer, half-eaten. As for showing signs of being a dragon, I know you've been learning about dragons from that Night Fury of yours."

"Vron, you're imagining things." I said, starting to panic. I felt my teeth sharpening, and my body growing heavy.

\_No! I can't let him find out!\_

"Your mother was more than willing to tell me the truth when I persuaded her a bit."

"What have you done to my mother?!" I snarled, my voice low and laced heavily with a deep growl.

"Oh, don't worry. She's safe for now. If you don't do what I say, I'll make sure that you become an orphan."

I couldn't control myself any longer. I changed into my dragon shape so quickly that Vron was knocked back onto my bed.

"I knew it!" he said, smiling.

I snarled at him, my teeth sliding out of my gums, my body tensed and ready to lunge at his throat.

"Remember your mother, Silvera." He said.

Growling, I backed away, letting him get up. He brushed himself off

as if nothing had happened.

"Now, we're going to go and show the village what a monster you are."

My eyes widened in shock. He wouldn't dare show my secret to everyoneâ€¦ would he?

"Don't worry, Silveraâ€¦ no one will know it's you. You will stay in dragon form and do as I say unless I tell you otherwise. Understand?"

Sighing, I nodded. I hated this man for what he was doing, but right now, my mother was in trouble, and I would do whatever it took to free her. Even if I had to give up my own life. Vron took a long, thick chain out of a bag on his waist and tied it around my neck, pulling me out of my room, and out of the hut.

\_This is humiliating. Why does he want to do this? He won't accomplish anythingâ€¦\_

He dragged me into the centre of the village, bolting some sort of heavy, wooden collar around my neck. I glared at him, growling warningly. People started to come out of their huts and were shocked to see a dragon tied up in the middle of the village.

"Fellow Vikings, I have here proof that the truce between Vikings and dragons is nothing but a lie!" he shouted, catching everyone's attention immediately.

"The great Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the third tried to make peace for us, but failed! It is useless to try and reason with theseâ€¦ beasts. Their brains are so small- Hey!" I managed to shoot a small fireball at him, not big enough to hurt him, but big enough to show my annoyance and stop him from finishing his sentence. Some of the people crowded around us laughed as Vron jumped out of the way of my flame. Vron looked at me with disgust, and then turned to his son, who was standing close by.

"Bring out Astrid." He said, smiling.

Vran went out of sight for a moment, and then came back, my mom standing next to him, her eyes locked on me. If she told them she knew me, then it would be all over. She'd probably be killed, with the way Vron was riling up the crowd, and I wouldâ€¦ I didn't want to think about it.

"This is the dragon that Hiccup befriended, and when he disappeared, it blamed us and took its fury out on us!" Vron shouted. Shouts of agreement rose from the crowd.

\_All of my dad's hard workâ€¦\_

Vron turned to face my mom, looking like the happiest Viking on earth.

"Is it not true that this dragon has been sleeping in your daughter's room, Astrid?"

My mom, crying too hard to talk, nodded.

"Is it also true that your daughter tried to befriend this dragon, and couldn't? She has been missing for a few days now, hasn't she Astrid?"

My mom managed to stop sobbing, much to her credit. She took a few hesitant steps forward. She caught my eye. I looked at her, begging her with my eyes to not tell my secret. She gave a slight nod, understanding what I wanted. I'd rather be pegged as a bloodthirsty dragon and hunted down than have my secret found out.

"It is true that Silvera tried to befriend this dragon, and I can assure the innocence of this creature. Silvera is missing but I know she is safe. I believe she has her father's gift for calming dragons, and I know," mom turned to face Vron, her face full of pride, "that she would not want this creature to die for simply being what nature intended it to be."

Vron smiled, and there was something about it that sent chills down my back. I shook in the wooden collar as Vron turned to me.

"See how it tries to get away? We cannot let it destroy our village, or get more dragons coming here. I say we put it to death!"

Cheers erupted from all around me.

\_Put me to death?! How do I get myself into these things?\_

~~~~~

After Vron announced that I was to be put to death, I was dragged to the edge of the forest. One of the Vikings from the crowd brought an axe forward and raised it over my head, about to chop down. I closed my eyes, and braced for impact.

"Wait!" a voice yelled. Slowly, I opened my eyes to see Vran standing next to me, protectively.

Vran? What are you doing-?

"Vran, what is the meaning of this?" Vron shouted, interrupting my thoughts. "Why are you preventing us from killing this beast?" Vron demanded angrily, glaring at Vran with a look of impatience. Vran stood his ground, and I just stared at him, shocked.

"Dad, I'm sorry, but I can't listen to you order me around anymore. Vera was my best friend, and if she trusted this dragon, then so do I. I think we should just send it back into the forest."

Vran took off my chains and the wooden collar, then pointed to the forest.

"All right, you're free." I just stood there, gaping a bit at him. I'd never realized Vran was so brave before. He always seemed like a cowardly boy, always doing whatever he was told. Now, he was rebellious. He wasn't a boy anymore.

"Didn't you hear me?" he said, pushing me towards the forest gently, "I said you can go now."

I looked at him, curious as to why he would help me. Suddenly, he leaned in close and let out a small gasp.

"Vera?" he whispered.

My eyes widened in shock. How had he figured it out? I gave a slight nod, and Vran smiled, turning to face the others.

"Father, you must spare this dragon. This is-"

I knocked him in the back with my tail before he could finish, causing him to shout in pain. Gasps of panic started to emerge in the crowd, but I didn't care. I wouldn't let anyone tell my secret.

Guess it's time I leaveâ€|

I turned into the forest, walking away from the life I knew, and into a new life full of the unknown.

~~~~~  
\*\*Another Double update? NO, SORRY! Just a longer chapter...\*\*

~~~~~  
I let loose a stream of fire, trying to force the deer closer to me by flaming the trees around it, but it didn't work. The deer ran further away, beyond the reach of my flame.

"Why is it so hard to catch one single deer in this forest?!" I growled, stomping the ground in annoyance.

It had been almost a year since I left the village. I'd stayed in dragon form unless I needed to get into small spaces, to avoid being caught by surprise. I was trying to hunt, but I couldn't catch anything. I lied down in the long grass, my stomach growling.

"At this rate, I'll become someone's meal before I get one of my own. If only I knew how to fly, then I could catch prey by surpriseâ€|" I thought aloud.

Maybe I should try flying, at least once. It was fun when I rode on Toothless, but it would be better if I could do it myselfâ€|

I jumped into the air and tried flapping my wings. To my surprise, I shot into the air right away! Because I'd expected to be staying on the ground, I was caught off guard as I went higher, and tumbled back down to the earth. Thankfully, I'd only flown a few feet into the air, so I wasn't hurt.

"I see you're still trying to be a dragon, Vera." A voice said from behind me. I turned around, immediately on the defensive, teeth bared and hissing. When I saw who spoke, I stopped hissing and became scared.

"Toothless? What are you-?"

"Save it. I saw what happened in your village, and I've been watching you for the past few months."

"Why would you be keeping an eye on me? I thought you hated me." I growled, anxious to get away from him. If he still hated me, I might have to defend myself.

He walked closer to me, backing me against a tree. This was more than a little uncomfortable for me.

"I never hated you. I had to get away from you so I could keep an eye on you without you knowing it. I know that you feel guilty for giving up your father in exchange for this gift of yours, but I think it's a small price to pay."

"What are you saying, Toothless? That you ****_want_****me to stay a dragon?"

He nodded.

"Why would you want that?" I asked, confused.

"Because, I think I-"

"Shut up." I hissed, looking to the edge of the trees.

"What? Why should I-mmph!"

I knocked him to the ground and clamped his mouth shut, keeping him from talking. I was looking at the bushes off to the side. Since putting myself into exile, my senses had become more tuned in to the environment around me. There was someone in the bushes.

"Toothlessâ€¦ there's someone in thereâ€¦" I whispered, nodding my head towards the bushes. I let go of his mouth just as the person burst out of the bushes. It was Vron.

"Aha! I've finally found you, Vera." He wielded a large axe in his left hand. I could tell he wanted to fight, and that he wouldn't leave me alone until we did.

This won't end wellâ€¦

"After months of searching, I'll finally have my revenge."

Revenge? What did I ever do to him?

"You did something to Vran, making him so rebellious. After 'saving' you, he stopped listening to me! The other Vikings started to question my authority and rebel, saying they supported you!"

Even as a dragon, they still liked me?

"They drove me out of the village, and I have to get proof to be able to go back."

He walked closer, lifting the axe. I tensed my body, ready to spring.

"Vera!" Toothless whispered from behind me, "You're not thinking-"

Vron lunged forward, and I ducked out of the way, sliding behind him as he stumbled. I lunged towards him and latched onto his arm, biting into the muscles.

"Vera! What are you doing?!" Toothless yelled in panic.

I couldn't answer with Vron's arm in my mouth, so I did the first thing that came into my head. I bit through the arm and tore it off, spitting it onto the ground. Vron fell to the ground, yelling in pain. Toothless was gaping.

"Vera, what did you do?!"

"I did what I wanted to." I said, spitting out blood. I turned back to Vron, snarling. I could smell the fear on him, even as he laughed with joy.

"This is the proof I need, Vera. Thank-you for helping me. The entire village will hunt you down and kill you for this." He managed to push himself onto his feet with his other arm.

"As for your mother! well, I think I can now persuade her to become a dragon slayer again!"

I lunged towards him, wanting to bite his head off, but he ducked into the trees, running towards the village.

"What have I done?" I said, shaking with fear.

7. Chapter 7

"Vera, you know we have to fix this." Toothless said, his voice heavy with concern.

"We?" I said, turning to face him.

"Of course. You didn't think I'd let you handle this on your own, did you?"

"The fastest way back to the village is to fly, but I don't know if I-"

"Vera. Stop saying that you can't fly, stop saying you don't know. You're a dragon! You do know, and you can fly!"

He's right. I managed a few feet before, but if I try harder!

"Ok. Let's go."

I watched Toothless jump into the air and fly off with ease.

He makes it look so easy! I'm just a beginner at this! no. I know I can do this.

Tensing my body, I jumped into the air and started flapping my wings. I managed to catch an updraft, and was lifted into the air. Toothless was ahead of me, but I quickly caught up to him, gliding along the currents.

"Toothless, this is even better than when I rode on you! To feel the wind passing over your wingsâ€¦ it's amazing. Do you feel like this every time?"

"Yes. I never get tired of flying. It's the best thing in the world."

I saw the earth passing by below me as I flew overhead. I spotted the village quickly enough.

"There! I see the village!"

I could also see the Vikings gathering in the middle of the village, with Vron in the middle of the growing group. Vran was tied up to a post at the edge of the village.

"Vran?!" I said, diving down to land a few feet away. I quickly changed into my human form, to avoid being seen. My wings and tail slid into my back, my claws softened and became fingers, my hair grew back, and my body shrank as my skin turned a tan brown. Toothless landed next to me. I ran up to Vran, clamping my hand around his mouth to keep him quiet.

"Vran, I'm here to help you, but you have to keep quiet, ok?" he nodded as I lifted my hand from his mouth. I quickly untied the ropes, and led him into the forest, towards Toothless. Vran panicked as soon as he saw him.

"Vera, why did you bring him here?"

"Vran, be quiet! Toothless is here to help!" I turned to face Toothless.

"Toothless, get him out of here. Don't let him come back to help, or he'll get hurt."

Toothless shook his head, growling.

"I'm not leaving you, Vera! Either you let me stay and help, or I'll carry you out of here in my claws."

"Fine, you can stay," I sighed, "but don't do anything reckless."

Vran was staring at me in shock.

"Vera, can you understand that dragon?"

I turned to face him.

"Yes, I can turn into a dragon, and understand them when I'm in human form."

"Wowâ€¦"

I heard shouting from the edge of the forest. The Vikings were getting closer. I quickly shifted into my dragon form, scales and claws appearing almost instantly. I bared my teeth, ready for attack. Toothless stood by me, ready to fight.

"Vera, try not to bite off any arms this time, ok? Just be defensive, not offensive."

So, I should show them I don't want to fight. Ok, I'll go for that.

Suddenly, the Vikings burst out of the trees, noticing us right away. Battle cries erupted all around as they charged towards us. Vran, having no weapons, stood off to the side, hiding behind a tree. Toothless and I dodged every attack thrown our way, standing side by side. Unfortunately, we were separated, Toothless and I each surrounded by half of the Vikings. Swords and hammers swung at me from every direction, some hitting me in the side. I growled in annoyance, but didn't attack. I had to try and show them that I didn't want to fight.

"Vera!" Vran shouted from the side. I looked over and saw him pointing to Toothless, who was lying on the ground, Vron standing over him with a sword to his neck. The attacks stopped as I looked at Vron with hatred. I couldn't move closer to help Toothless, or Vron would kill him! Suddenly, I hear a scream off to the side.

"Stop this!"

I turned to the voice and saw my mother, her blond hair tangled and a mess, running towards Vron.

"Stop this, Vron! They did nothing to us!"

"Nothing? Have you seen my arm, Astrid?" he held up a heavily bandaged stump, still red with some blood. He pushed her to the ground, and I snarled.

"So, Vera. You still care about your mother, then?"

Gasps of shock ran through the crowd.

"Vera?"

"That's Vera?"

"How can it be her?"

I can't hide it any longer.

I shifted into my human form, my hair growing back, my skin turning tan brown, my claws shrinking and softening to hands and fingers, my tail and wings sliding into my back.

"Yes, Vron. I still care about my mother. I also care about that dragon you are holding at sword point, Toothless."

Vron signaled to one of the Vikings next to him, who grabbed my mother and held a dagger to her throat.

"So then, Vera. Choose. The dragon," he indicated Toothless, "or your mother."

****Do I suck? Leaving a big gap, with a major cliffhanger... *giggles madly****

"Vron, how can you ask me to choose between the two people I care most about?"

"Thisâ€¦ thing," Vron indicated Toothless again, "is not a person, is not human! It is an animal, and deserves to be treated as such."

I shook my head, smiling.

"Then I guessâ€¦ I'm an animal too." I turned to face the crowd.

"You've all seen my secret. Now, it's time for me to tell you the truth. The truth about my father, and how I got to be this way."

Mom was staring at me, nodding her head slightly.

"You all know that when I was five, my dad took me into the woods one night and never came back. The day after, a small black lizard was spotted in the gardens of the neighbors. That lizard was me. I had made a wish on a star to fly with dragons because of the stories my dad told me, and it was turned around. I became a dragon myself, able to change between being a dragon and a human at will, but I had to give up something in return."

Vran walked out from behind the trees, curious.

"It was your dad, wasn't it Vera?" he said softly.

I nodded.

"When I made the wish on the star, a voice said that I had to give up something of value in return. Being five years old, I didn't understand it and foolishly agreed. It was a mistake," I looked at Toothless, who looked hurt when I said 'mistake', "that made my life worth living." His face changed to one of joy.

"I do not regret making the wish, because I have gotten to know Toothless because of it."

I turned towards Vron.

"So, Vron. You ask me to choose? I choose â€¦ both of them. If you want to punish someone," I looked at my mom, tears in my eyes, "then punish me. I was the one who bit off your arm, who caused the villagers to rebel against you. I am the one at fault. I will not fight."

I shifted into dragon form, claws and scales replacing flesh, wings and tail growing out of my back, skin darkening to black, body growing longer and heavier. I sank to all fours. Vron smiled.

"I said I would get revenge, Vera, and I follow through on my promises."

He lifted the sword above Toothless's neck, ready to strike. I lunged forward to stop him, but Vran got there first. He hit his dad in the head, knocking him out with one blow. Toothless, surprised, walked over to me.

"Toothless, are you ok?" I said, checking him over.

"I'm ok, Vera."

Mom walked over to me, smiling. She was beaming with pride.

"Silvera, I'm proud of you. I know you wanted to choose Toothless, but I'm glad you chose both of us. Your father would be so proud."

She turned to face Toothless.

"Take care of her, Toothless. I'll be coming to check in often."

What does she mean by that?

I gave my mom a questioning look, not understanding what she meant. She walked forward, placing a hand on my head gently.

"Silvera, I think I've taught you all I can. You should go with Toothless."

I was torn.

_How could she make me go with him? Sure, I __**like**__ him, butâ€¦|
wait a secondâ€¦| _I turned to face Toothless, my stomach
somersaulting.

I think | I love him!_

I nodded, thankful that she'd seen what it had taken me so long to realize. Mom smiled, practically glowing with pride for me. Vran walked forward, smiling as well.

"Vera, I'm proud to have called you my friend. I hope we can go flying some timeâ€?"

I playfully slapped him with my tail, knocking him to the ground. I laughed at him, a deep rumble within my chest. I turned to Toothless.

"So we're mates now?" I asked.

He walked towards me and rubbed his head against mine.

_I'll take this as a
yes._

* ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~ * ~

2 years laterâ€¦!

"Vera? How are you doing in there?"

"Toothless, quite worrying about me. I can handle myself, you know!" I joked. A large, black dragon walked into the cave I was in, sitting down beside me, its massive body silhouetted against the setting sun. It was my mate, Toothless the Night Fury, and seeing as how I was currently in human form, his massive bulk outsized me easily as I curled up against him.

"I can't help it! You're my mate, and I worry about you when I'm not around."

"It isn't just me you have to worry about anymore, remember Toothless?"

"Oh, yeah. How are the kids?"

I pulled back a blanket beside me to reveal two small shapes, sleeping. One was a male Night Fury and the other was a female human. They were our kids, and like me, could change between human and dragon form as easily as breathing.

The male, Kami, and the female, Kera, were as close as brother and sister could get. Kami had, when in his human body, tan skin, a head of thick, dark brown hair, light green eyes, and a strong grip. When he was in his dragon body, his eyes shone more brilliantly than any star.

Kera, when in her human body, looked like a twin to Kami.

They never were in the same form at the same time, and they were very smart. One of them was in dragon form when the other was in human form. At a year and a half old, they could already talk in complete sentencesâ€¦ more or less.

Toothless and I were so proud of them. They were the apples of our eyes.

As they opened their eyes, I could see the smiles on their faces as they looked at us. I looked up at Toothless as I picked them up, smiling.

"We're one happy family, aren't we?" they asked in sync, as they always did.

"Yes, we are. One happy family." Toothless and I replied in sync, mimicking them.

We laughed at the joke as the sun set into the horizon, and I realized my mom had been right when she told me to go with Toothless.

I was as happy as I could be here. Sometimes I still regretted making that wish, but then I looked at Toothless, and our kids, and remembered that it was really a chance at a life I'd never have known.

It was a lifeâ€¦ of happiness.

THE END

****A/N: *sniffles* HAPPY ENDING FOR ALL!****

****Well, except Vron... who was obviously thrown in jail for the rest of his life. Wanted to hang him, but remember, kiddies- I rated this as K+... so, no gore like that.****

End
file.